

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 10, 1824.

No. 2.

## REVIEW.

*Manners and customs of the Indian tribes located west of the Mississippi. Including some account of the soil, vegetable productions, and the Indian Materia Medica: To which is prefixed the history of the author's life, during a residence of many years among them*—by JOHN D. HUNTER. Philadelphia, J. MAXWELL, 1823, pp. 402.

(CONTINUED.)

The author of this work was taken prisoner by a party of Kickapoos Indians at so early a period of his life as to have "too imperfect a recollection of the circumstances connected with this capture, to attempt any account of them." His life being spared, he was immediately adopted "into the family of one of the principal warriors, named Fongoh, who claimed me as his property, from having taken me prisoner; his wife, a squaw of intermediate stature, and dark complexion, proved to me a kind and affectionate mother."—p. 15.

"After remaining some time with this tribe, he was captured by the Kansas, and was again "adopted into the family of Kee-neestah by his squaw, who had lost a son in one of their recent engagements with the Pawnees. I was exceedingly fortunate from this election, and not only the chiefs and squaws, but the whole tribe treated me with regard and tenderness."—p. 27.

"In the ensuing fall the traders came among us, and here for the first time, to the best of my recollection, I saw a white man. My surprise, as may be naturally supposed, was great; but in a short time my curiosity became satiated, and their conduct, demeanour, and employment, regarded under the prejudices I had imbibed from the Indians, left no very favourable opinion of them on my mind. Here, after I had become acquainted with their language, I was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, to listen with indescribable satisfaction to the sage councils, inspiring narratives, and traditionary tales of Tshut-che-nau.\* This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. "Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just that we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in

war, and defend your hunting grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults—revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong-water of the white people; it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death; none but cowards fear to die. Obey and reverence the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm;—love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, and keeps us alive."

"He would then point to the scars that disfigured his body, and say, "often have I been engaged in deadly combat with the enemies of our nation, and almost as often come off victorious.—I have made long walks over snow and ice, and through swamps and prairies, without food, in search of my country's foes I have taken this, and that prisoner, and the scalps of such and such warriors."

"Now looking round on his auditors with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting grounds, he would continue, "For the peaceful enjoyment of all these, you are indebted to myself and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our Mother." My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel that it will soon be night with me."

"Finally, his heart overflowing with gratitude, with uplifted hands, and eyes directed heaven-wards, he would close the interesting scene, by thanking the great and good Spirit, for having been so long spared as an example to point out to the young men, the true path to glory and fame. I loved this old man, the Indians all loved him, and we always listened to his wise counsels, with the greatest satisfaction and delight. I am convinced that much of this venerable chief's character would have adorned the proudest age of civilized life. Surely it was a bright

example in the western wilds of uneducated virtue and practical piety.—p. 29, 30.

While the Indians possess native teachers, whose minds are of so high a class, as is indicated by the above extract; it is incumbent on us if we would benefit them by sending missionaries among them, to select (as remarked in our last number,) none for this purpose but those of the highest class of understanding and knowledge amongst us.

In the gloomy picture of human life, which is exhibited as well by the page of History, as of every other record of human actions, our attention is first attracted by the heroes and kings who fill the foreground, and dazzle our minds by the splendour with which they pursue their deadly career along the path of desolation. To relieve our minds from the baleful glare reflected by their deeds, which too often tend to weaken and deprave our moral sense, we seek for some softer tints and milder colours upon which we can look with a feeling of unmixed gratification. But how seldom do the deeds of the Lords of creation contribute any of the redeeming beauties of the picture. For them we are chiefly indebted to the fairer part of our race. Their characters, whenever we find them unperverted by bad education or other circumstances, are almost universally marked by the virtues of affectionate tenderness; uncalculating and unhesitating hospitality—a strong solicitude for the welfare of those to whom their cares and attentions are necessary, and a patient submission to every privation and labour that can benefit the objects of their love. Whether in savage or civilized life, a dependence for happiness, ease or comfort, upon the affections and kindness of women, are the never failing causes of calling forth those affections, and bringing that kindness into exercise.

In the narrative of the life of Hunter, these remarks are frequently verified by the accounts of the uniform tenderness and affection exhibited towards him by the females who adopted him as a son or a brother. The following account of the loss of his second Indian mother, is equally honourable to himself and to her.

"The squaw who had adopted me among her children, and who had treated me with great tenderness and affection, was accidentally drowned in attempting to collect drift wood, during the prevalence of a flood.—

\* "Tshut-che-nau," means in the Indian dialect, "Defender of the people."

\* Meaning the Earth.

## THE CINCINNATI

This circumstance was the cause of grief, apparently more poignant to be endured than is usually experienced in civilized life; because, the customs of the Indians do not tolerate the same open expression of feelings, from the indulgence of which the acuteness of grief is relieved, and sooner subsides. The Indians regard tears, or any expression of grief, as a mark of weakness in males, and unworthy of the character of the warrior. In obedience to this custom, I bore my affliction in silence, in order to sustain my claims to their respect and esteem; but nevertheless, I sincerely and deeply felt the bereavement; and cannot even at this late day, reflect on her maternal conduct to me, from the time I was taken prisoner by the Kansas, to her death, without the association of feelings, to which, in other respects I am a stranger. She was indeed a mother to me; and I feel my bosom dilate with gratitude at the recollection of her goodness, and care of me during this helpless period of my life. This, to those who have been bred in refinement and ease under the fond and watchful guardianship of parents, may appear gross and incongruous. If, however, the imagination be allowed scope, and a lad ten or twelve years of age, without kindred or name, or any knowledge by which he could arrive at an acquaintance with any of the circumstances connected with his being, be supposed in the central wilds of North America, nearly a thousand miles from any white settlement; a prisoner or sojourner among a people, on whom he had not the slightest claim, and with whose language, habits and character, he was wholly unacquainted; but, who nevertheless treated him kindly; and it will appear not only natural but rational, that he should return such kindness with gratitude and affection. Such nearly was my situation; and such in fact was my feelings at that time; and however my circumstances have since changed, or however they may change in the future, I have no hope of seeing happier days than I experienced at this early period of my life, while sojourning with the Kansas nation, on the Kansas river, some hundred miles above its confluence with the Missouri."—p. 34.

He became afterwards a member of the Osage tribe, where he found a third Indian mother.

"I had not been long with the Osages, before I was received into the family of Shenthweeh, a warrior distinguished among his people for his wisdom and bravery, at the instance of Hunk-hah, his wife, who had recently lost a son, in an engagement with some of the neighbouring tribes. This good woman, whose family now consisted of herself, her husband, a daughter almost grown, and myself, took every opportunity, and used every means which kindness and benevolence could suggest, to engage my affections and esteem. She used to weep over me, tell me how good her son had been, how much she loved him, and how much she mourned his loss. "You must be good,"

she would say, "and you shall be my son, and I will be your mother." The daughter, in many respects, imitated the mother; and the greatest care was taken to supply my wants with the choicest things they had in their power to bestow. They made and ornamented moccasins and leggings for me, and furnished me with a beaver cap and buffalo robe; habilments not usually worn by the Indian boys. In fine, so constant and persevering were their attentions, and so kind and affectionate their care of me, that not to have loved and esteemed them, would have argued a degree of ingratitude, and apathy of feeling to which, if I know myself, I then was, and shall forever remain a stranger."—p. 43.

We regret that our limits do not admit of an copious extracts from this work as we could wish to give. We have only room for the two following.

"During our stay, I saw a number of white people, who, from different motives, resorted to this nation: among them, was a clergyman, who preached several times to the Indians through an interpreter. He was the first Christian preacher that I had ever heard or seen. The Indians treated him with great respect, and listened to his discourses with profound attention: but could not, as I heard them observe, comprehend the doctrines he wished to inculcate. It may be appropriately mentioned here, that the Indians are accustomed in their own debates, never to speak but one at a time, while all others, constituting the audience, invariably listen with patience and attention, till their turn to speak arrives. This respect is still more particularly observed towards strangers; and the slightest deviation from it would be regarded by them as rude, indecorous, and highly offensive. It is this trait in the Indian character, which many of the missionaries mistake for a *serious* impression made on their minds; and which has led to many exaggerated accounts of their conversion to Christianity."—p. 50.

The other is a description of the effect produced on the minds of the hunting party, with which he crossed the continent to the Pacific, by the sight of the Ocean.

"Here the surprise and astonishment of our whole party, was indescribably great. The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit, from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread, the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the

stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say, our minds were serious, & our devotions continued, all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe, that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more specific water boundary assigned to him by our traditional dogmas.

Z.

*An Introductory Lecture, on the necessity and value of Professional Industry;* delivered in the chapel of Transylvania University, Nov. 7th 1823. By Daniel Drake, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica, and Medical Botany. Published by request of the class. Lexington Ky. p. 31.

We have perused with much pleasure, this first offering at the shrine of *Hygeia*, of our late fellow townsmen,—on re-entering the walls of Transylvania University. Without ranking it among the most splendid productions of his pen, we consider it as calculated to prove alike honourable to the professor, and beneficial to his class,—for the promotion of whose best interests, rather than a display of oratory,—the theme was manifestly selected. There are few subjects, indeed, which could have been fixed on, of higher moment to those devoted to the pursuit of knowledge,—and from the favourable reception which it appears to have met with from the auditors, we have no doubt of its proving as extensively useful, as it is deeply interesting.

Not having time at present, to prepare an analysis of the whole, we must be content with presenting the following extract, as a specimen of its character and style;—which, we have no doubt, will sufficiently recommend it to our readers, to gain for it an attentive perusal,—from all who may have an opportunity of obtaining it.

"It has been supposed, that what is vaguely denominated genius, may be made a substitute for industry. It would require an entire lecture to inveigh sufficiently against the evil tendencies of this vulgar error. All men have the *same* faculties of mind, but they differ widely in their comparative as well as their aggregate strength, in different persons. Genius is not the name of any faculty, but of a great though indefinite degree of mental strength. Now I would ask, how can the power of acquiring and arranging ideas, be made a substitute for the ideas themselves? They must be excited by external occasions, and to acquire them, application is an indispensable for a genius as a dunce. The difference of time in which they would learn the same thing it is true, may be very great, but when objects *commensurate with their respective portions of intellect* are assigned to them, equal diligence be-

*comes necessary.* To him then, who studies closest, the palm of merit is due; for rewards should not be connected with capacity, which is of Heaven, but with diligence, which depends on ourselves. It may be said, therefore, to be disgraceful for him, on whom the Creator has bestowed a great portion of intellectual powers, to be equalled by one who has been sparingly endowed. I would ask the youth who is flushed with the consciousness of superior abilities, for what purpose he supposes they were granted? Why the God of nature has vouchsafed to him five talents, while he gave his humble classmates but one? A little reflection, if he possess the superiority of mind which he claims, will enable him to perceive, that results are required from him, equal in their importance, to the dimensions and power of his greater intellect; and a little observation will disclose to him a multitude of problems, corresponding in their dignity and difficulty with the exalted endowments of which he vaunts. It is for the solution of these problems, unfortunately so numerous in our profession, that *he* was created. *His* should be a career of unvaried elevation; and not to leave the broad and beaten track by which the throng of ordinary mortals descended into oblivion, is to pursue an ignobler course, than the meanest of that throng.

The young man of genius should recollect, moreover, that fellow students of duller intellect are as likely to imitate his faults as his perfections, and having seen as they supposed, that indolence accompanies genius, they will fear to be industrious, lest the absence of genius should be imputed to them. So they will relax in their endeavours; while the object of their imitation, satisfied with a bare equality of attainment with those below him, and finding less vigilance necessary, will become more licentious in his idleness. The two characters will thus reciprocally act upon, and deteriorate, each other; until the exalted intellect which might have blessed society, becomes its curse. To select objects corresponding to our abilities, and prosecute them to final success, is but conforming to the ends for which we were created.

Gentlemen! I have dwelt so long on the necessity for professional industry, that but a single moment remains to speak of its rewards. These consist of the various pleasures and profits of success. The most humble of them is an immunity from the chagrin of disappointed hopes—a negative condition it is true, but to a mind of ardent aspirations, capable of affording actual pleasure. Then follow a train of positive gratifications and benefits—embracing all that is delightful to good taste; responsive to the desire for knowledge; gratifying to ambition; available to avarice, or satiating to the love of glory.

"If a provident temper of mind make you desirous of guarding against the gloomy insignificance—the sad and solitary nothingness—of an ignorant old age; you must accomplish it, by industry in youth; and such

industry is peculiarly appropriate to this object, since in our declining years, the knowledge acquired in early life, is almost all that remains with us. The first inscriptions on the tablet of the mind are the last to be effaced. What a resistless motive for early diligence is suggested by this important law of human nature; and from its frequent violation, how few, like Nestor, become in old age, the living oracles of wisdom to the rising generation?"

If we were in a hypercritical mood, we might find occasion for remarking,—in addition to the fact, that the mechanical execution of the pamphlet, is far inferior to what would have been expected from a CINCINNATI PRESS;—that, several typographical errors appear to have escaped correction; and that a few phrases of doubtful accuracy may be found, for which the printer is probably not responsible.

We can find, for instance, no authority in Johnson for such sentences as the following:—"For our systems of philosophy to be durable, *they* must be composed of truths." "For the mind to be both opulent and executive, *it* must be sustained by a diversified regimen."—In either case, the 'For' is misused, or the 'it' is an expletive.—The omission of 'there are,' in page 1, is no doubt accidental:—but, at page 7, 'The investigation of the means,' &c. is, rather loosely made to 'constitute two Sciences?'—On pages 18 and 19, we are told, in relation to the reforming votary of pleasure, that after one or two successful efforts, he will find that,—"with fewer perils than were encountered in reconciling his nerves to the poison of tobacco, he will conform his taste to the society of the mighty dead—whose works remain behind them like the trains of light which follow the Meteors of the firmament;"—which, if the professor means to say that the *works* are as transitory as the coruscations—we take to be no great compliment to their stability.

These verbal objections, however, cannot seriously affect the merits of the production: they would doubtless have been obviated, had the author been enabled to afford his accustomed attention to the proof sheets;—and, we are only surprised that,—with his ample experience of the little dependence to be placed on the accuracy of an unwatched printer,—he should have suffered *any* thing to divert his attention from the requisite revision of the press.

In conclusion, we will but express the gratification we find in the good feeling with which Dr. Drake appears to have been received among the polished and enlightened inhabitants of Lexington;—and the hope that our loss of his services, may in some measure, be compensated, by his becoming the means of uniting, in the ties of social intercourse, those hitherto *rival cities*—"the Tyre and the *Athens* of the West."

## WESTERN SCENERY.

SKETCHES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOURIST.

### CHAUMIERE.

Lexington, July 16, 1823.

This morning, agreeably to previous arrangements, we went out to spend the day at *Chaumiere*, the far famed residence of Mr. M. Our party consisted of ten in number;—three ladies and seven gentlemen. This celebrated villa is situated about nine miles south-west of Lexington. Upon our arrival we found Mr. M. in his usual morning dress; which consisted of a brown linen round-a-bout, with waist-coat and small-clothes of the same material; woolen stockings, and coarse shoes. In this plain garb he commonly passes the forenoon of each day; walking over his farm, and superintending the servants who are employed in keeping it in order. At twelve, about an hour after our arrival, he changed this dress for one of white flannel, made in the old fashion and in every respect becoming his years. By birth, he is a Virginian; in his fondness for rural scenery and pleasure-grounds, an Englishman; in manners and intelligence, a polished gentleman. While young, he spent several years in Europe, where he acquired that fondness for the beauties of nature, which has since rendered his farm one of the handsomest in the United States. After his return from Great Britain, he resided for a time upon his paternal estate, on James River. At an early period, however, of the settlement of the Western Country, he became one of the pioneers to this fertile region; and selected as his permanent residence, the spot on which he now resides. Mr. M. is now in his eightieth year. His appearance is venerable and highly interesting: His conversation fluent and agreeable,—abounding in good sense, and exhibiting clear and discriminating views of human character. His hospitality and politeness, have long been proverbial.

Mrs. M. is a few years younger than her husband. She took her seat at the piano, and played for us with as much spirit as either of the young ladies of our party. Fifty-six years have winged their way, since this aged pair, in all the buoyancy of youth, presented themselves before the altar of Hymen. At one, we had cake and wine handed round: and at four, sat down to a fine substantial dinner,—during which, the old gentleman conversed in an animated strain, addressing himself by turns to each of his guests. Among other things, he remarked that *Cincinnati* and her *Steam Boats*, were to him, objects of peculiar interest, having never had the pleasure of seeing either.

The dwelling house of Mr. M. is a singular one. From the name, (*Chaumiere*),

it would seem that originally, it was on a thatched cottage; but various additions have been making to it for the last quarter of a century, with but little correspondence either as to plan or materials. The antique windows, and tesselated floors, which some of the apartments present, taken in connexion with the appearance of ruins which is afforded by the exterior of the building, are calculated to remind one of the country seats of English gentlemen.

The pleasure-grounds, include about thirty acres. In front of the house, a beautiful lawn spreads its verdant carpet, with here and there a black walnut, or flowering locust, in whose branches, there is throughout the summer months, a "warbling world of love." The surface of this lawn, which has been "smoothed by the sithe, and levelled by the roller," has a gentle descent for two hundred yards; and the grass upon it is mown every other day, and carefully swept off. On the right of the lawn, as you leave the house, there is an extensive coppice, so luxuriantly interwoven as to be almost impenetrable. Through this run two avenues, ornamented on the borders by lilachs, honeysuckles, rose-bushes &c. The first of these embowered walks, conducted us to the foot of a small lake, about 200 yards from the house. Soon after entering this shady promenade, we perceived at the termination of the vista, a neat doric portico, which based upon a stone abutment, rises from the water, on whose bosom the inverted columns are presented with fine effect. Near the head of the lake, there is a miniature island, overgrown with young trees and flowering shrubs: this is connected to the main land by a small tasteful chines bridge, the strength of which was sufficiently tested, by our passing over it.

Formerly there was a small pleasure boat on this lake, called "Sidney," in honor of Mrs. A. one of our party, who is deservedly a great favorite at Chatumiere.

Below the lake, there is a bluff limestone bank, overgrown with mosses and hanging evergreens; at whose base rises a limpid spring, the waters of which, after winding for a short distance among the bushes of a small dell, sink into the ground. This dell terminates at the mouth of one of those extensive limestone caverns, which are so common throughout the state of Kentucky. It is into this cave that the super abundant waters of the lake are discharged after falling over a projecting ledge of rocks.

Another wide avenue, which commences at the foot of the lawn in front of the house, is terminated by a small thatched cottage. In wandering over these grounds, the eye is greeted with obelisks, and summer-houses; and large white settees, are interspersed for the accommodation of visitors.

We found ourselves in the midst of serpentine walks, clumps of forest trees, and interminable hedges of flowering shrubs,

which border tempting, but almost inextricable labyrinths. Chatumiere is indeed, one of the most charming spots upon which the imagination can dwell. Under ordinary circumstances, the poet of nature, when revelling on "fancy's wide domain," might find it a difficult task to pencil a more enchanting picture—but when viewed under a meridian sun, and a cloudless sky, with two such sprightly nymphs as those who graced our party,—sportively tripping, 'not unseen,' amid the green leaves, and the crimson berries, of the hawthorn and the shumach,—he would throw down his pen in despair, and in the words of the bard of Avon, exclaim,

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!

At five, we took our leave of this sylvan scene, amply compensated for our ride, as all travellers of ordinary taste and intelligence must be, who may have the good fortune to visit it. We reached town in time to attend an agreeable evening party at "The Locusts," which added another proof to the many already received, of Lexington hospitality.

### LARS BAGGE.

THE nobility of nature is very different from that nobility, which is the gift of kings. Of the deeds of those who belong to the latter class, we have accounts enough.

Of the acts of the former class, although they are beneath the "dignity of history," they are far more deserving of our attention, than most of the deeds which she records. The following is taken from "A Tour in Zealand, in 1802."

"LARS BAGGE, a boatman of Elsinore, happened to be at Copenhagen in the year 1801, when the memorable third day of November dawned with a most tremendous hurricane; it seemed as if the elements had conspired to produce a second chaos. The vivid flashes of the lightning displayed many a dismasted vessel tossing on the angry waves in the offing; and the reports, at intervals, of solitary guns, proclaimed the mariners' distress. When day had rendered objects more distinct, a brig was observed stranded on the shoal, under the battery of the Three Crowns. She lay almost on her beam-ends, and the wretched crew were seen extending their arms towards heaven from the shrouds, where they had taken refuge. They were eight in number, and had been many hours in this dreadful uncertainty, suspended between hope and eternity. The cabin-boy being soon exhausted, was washed overboard; while his companions exerted themselves beyond conception to preserve their hold.

It chanced that the captain had passed the preceding day ashore, but, alarmed at the convulsion of nature, he hastened down to the beach, and there beheld the awful scene. He immediately offered a large re-

compence to any who would undertake to save his people; and a merchant, named Staal Hagen, from motives of pure humanity, promised an additional reward for their rescue. For a length of time, money, even, could not bribe any one to the hardy enterprise; at last, however, some boatmen of Copenhagen bargained for so much a head, and having consented to make the attempt, pushed off. But as the wind blew directly into the mouth of the port, the boat was tossed to and fro, and the boatmen having set sail too soon, were compelled to seek for safety from the fury of the weather in the first creek they could make.

Lars Bagge having just arrived when the boatmen set off, remained a silent spectator, but as soon as he saw the unskillful men give up their pursuit, jumped into his own boat, which was large, and invited five others of his comrades to follow his laudable example. They instantly followed, and without having spoken to any one, without solicitations, without the promise of reward, voluntarily exposed their lives in the cause of humanity.

They pursued their course as close in shore as possible, till by dint of rowing they doubled the point, and were in a fair direction for the wreck. They now spread their canvass, and advanced rapidly towards their object, which they successfully reached, when the seven sailors sprung into the boat and were brought in safety to the shore.

On Lars Bagge's landing after this noble exertion to save his fellow creatures, Mr. Staal Hagen, wishing to reward his philanthropic spirit, presented him with a bank note of a hundred dollars, and thus addressed him:

"Receive this, my honest friend, not as the reward of your virtues, which God alone can recompense, but as a mark of my particular esteem."

Bagge, somewhat astonished at the offer, replied, "Worthy Sir, in what I have done, I was not influenced by any desire of gain; I have simply performed my duty as a man; but though I cannot accept of your kindness, my gratitude shall be equally great."

Due thanks, from those present, were offered to the worthy Bagge, and the modesty with which he received these testimonials of general approbation, served but to increase their esteem and gratitude.

I was a witness of this noble transaction, and therefore constantly picture to my fancy the interesting group as they stood! I see the grateful eyes of Bagge raised up to heaven! I behold a hero laureled, not for having killed, but for having saved his fellow creatures! Oh! that the human race would only joy in such a spectacle! That brotherly affection would again unite man to man, and suffering humanity be released from all its pangs!

**THE CINCINNATI  
LITERARY GAZETTE.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1824.

As it is our aim in this paper to be useful rather than original—and as we are desirous, in accordance with our motto, to excite a taste for the writings of wise and enlightened men, we shall not hesitate to select from worthy sources, such sentiments as may accord with our own, particularly when the thoughts happen to be expressed in better language than our compositions may at all times exhibit.

The following extract from Walsh's Preliminary address to the National Gazette, is worthy of being repeated; and as we have said very little on our part at the commencement of our career, it may serve as a good substitute for what might have been expected from us.

"THE importance of daily and weekly gazettes, in relation to the political and ethical opinions of the communities among which they are allowed to be diffused, has been uniformly felt and acknowledged, even where they are restricted by authority or usage, in the choice of topics and range of speculation. They have, in their worst administration, and not without reason been compared to a battery, in which the stroke of any one ball may produce no great effect, but the amount of continual repetition is decisive. Their influence, whether for good or evil, has never been in any country, so signal and extensive as in these United States, where they constitute a part of the reading of all, and the whole of the reading of a majority of citizens. They have served as universal channels of theory and fact; to the exclusion of almost every other mode of publication; they have raised and demolished parties; made and destroyed reputations; and it does not seem to have interfered with their success, when the writers have been either unknown, or held in contempt for their profligacy or illiteracy. Owing to the abuse of editorship, too often usurped by the most incompetent yet presumptuous adventurers under the sway of the most despicable passions—they have not the same absolute ascendant among us as heretofore. But they exert an unrivalled influence, and possess a monopoly of public mind and interest, evinced in the miscarriage of most of the attempts which have been made to establish other kinds of periodical journals; and in the limited circulation and effect of such of these as survive, as well as of pamphlets, books and volumes, of whatever tenor and aim.

In the enlightened parts of Europe, the forms of publications last mentioned, enjoy in the departments of abstract knowledge,

general literature and politics, a pre-eminent authority and adequate currency; they are specially used by all who write for the press on those subjects; to them resort all who would be liberally informed. In America, something like the reverse of this yet obtains; we are satisfied or bear with the newspapers, as sources of intellectual aliment of every description. Hence the singular importance with us, of their proper management—and the duty which would seem to devolve upon every well educated American, of co-operating to the extent of his ability and opportunity, in rendering these our oracles, since such they are, subservient to the real improvement of the nation. As circumstances allow of no more suitable engine for these purposes, what is at hand should be converted to the best service; and this can be done only by the agency of the persons whose more elevated studies and views, whose public virtue and private worth, particularly fit them to be instructors and guides."

**THE CINCINNATI LIBRARY.**

We are happy to learn that this useful institution, with whose destiny the character and interest of our fellow citizens are essentially interwoven,—and whose prospects have, for some time past, been discouraging, is about to experience a portion of that justice from the shareholders, and liberality from the public, which have been so long withheld. The subscriptions for new shares, annual tickets, &c. are represented as already exceeding the sum of \$200;—which it is thought may at least be doubled, by proper assiduity in waiting on those disposed to subscribe. In addition to this, there are above \$200 of annual assessments now due on the capital stock, which it ought not to be doubted will be paid, in the present emergency, without hesitation or delay;—since it is only from a ready punctuality on the part of the Society, that they can reasonably hope for co-operation on the part of the public. It is understood that, so soon as the contributions now due shall be collected, one or two hundred volumes of New Works will be sent for:—in the purchase of which, indeed the Directors are pledged to expend whatever monies may be subscribed for that purpose,—thus affording to those who may become patrons, the certainty of obtaining—in addition to the 1200 volumes on hand—the use of as many more, as the sums contributed, will procure.

**TRAIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY.**

In the reign of Queen Ann, a ship of about three hundred tons, mounting twenty cannons, manned by pirates, appeared off the harbor of Newport, cruising between Block Island and Point Judith, interrupting every vessel that attempted to pass, and treating their crews with great severity. To remove this annoyance so injurious to

the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants of Newport, two resolute young men, John and William Wanton, determined to attempt her capture, and the means they resorted to, were as novel as their success was glorious. They no sooner intimated their intention, than they were joined by thirty young men of their acquaintance. A sloop of about sixty tons, was engaged for the enterprise. This noble band went on board with only their small arms, and sailed out of the harbor, to appearance on a coasting voyage; every person being below, except a sufficient number to navigate the sloop. As they drew near, apparently with an intention to pass the ship, a shot was fired at them. They immediately lowered the peak of their main-sail, and luffed up for the ship; but instead of bringing her along side, they came directly under her stern, when the men jumped on her deck and grappled her to the ship; and with wedges ready for the purpose, fastened her rudder, by driving them between that and the stern post, so as to render the ship absolutely unmanageable. Having so far succeeded in their enterprise, each man took his musket, and being all excellent marksmen, every pirate that showed himself on board the ship, was instantly shot; after a great variety of unavailing efforts to disengage themselves, and having lost a great number of their men, they surrendered, and were brought in triumph by this gallant band into the harbor of Newport. Queen Ann, being informed of this heroic achievement, presented the two brothers, John and William Wanton, with a large silver bowl and salver, on which was engraved a Latin quatrain appropriate to the exploit.

THE ROS-CRUSIANS.

**A SECRET SOCIETY.**

A famous association of this nature, existed in Germany, which was called *La confrérie de la rose croix.*\* This fraternity was sought for earnestly, by Descartes, its professed object being that in which he was so ardently engaged, the search of truth. In spite, however, of all his pains, he could never light on one man who belonged to it; nevertheless, says Thomas, there is reason to believe that it certainly existed, for it was much spoken of throughout the whole of Germany. It had its advocates and its enemies, who wrote for and against it; and in 1623, they did the Philosophers who were its members, the honour to bring them on the stage at Paris. One of the principal rules of this society was, that every thing relative to it, should remain hidden; and how well this rule was kept, may be guessed by the useless search of Descartes.

Its founder was said to be a German, born in the 14th century, and things little short of miracles are recorded of him. He had

\*The society of the cross and rose.

profoundly studied magic, which was then one of the most esteemed of sciences; he had travelled in Arabia, Turkey, Africa and Spain, and had every where made himself acquainted with the most famous sages and cabalists: he had learned from them all the secrets of nature, and all the methods of art; and, in the end, he established himself in a grotto of his native country, where he lived in the ecstacies of solitary contemplation to the great age of 106 years: he was in the habit of performing prodigies during his life, and his relics were reputed to have the same power after his death. Thomas, says his history bears a resemblance to that of Appollonius Thyaneus. People supposed that a sun shone in the grotto, which had been his dwelling and was his grave. There is something very sublime in this imagination. The association, formed by this extraordinary man was charged with the important and difficult task of reforming the sciences throughout the world. It would be worth something to know what were the founder's own notions in the various sciences: not those of Newton, it is to be presumed. It is both curious and affecting to contemplate the ruins of theories, and fragments of systems, that lie strewing the face of the history of Philosophy! What has become of the mighty and magnificent doctrines of ancient Philosophy? Those which were the pride of their inventors, the admiration of their scholars, the astonishment of the people! They lie, like the ruined cities which Pliny saw on each side of him in his voyage; like the remains of Tyre, and Sidon, and Nineveh; like the dust of Carthage.

Those proud cities, as the old French poet says, now in ruins, but,

Dont la ferte, la force, et le pouvoir semblaient  
Menacer l'univers qui sous eux tremblait.\*

The glories of these past systems are like the sun of the German magician's cave, which had no other function, but to shed a light on his tomb!

\* Whose fierceness, power and strength, seemed to threaten the trembling universe

#### DISSERTATION ON PAPER MONEY. BY A DUTCH FARMER.

*Preface.*

The following dissertation on a very important branch of political economy, was published many years since, in Connecticut; where its doctrines met with more general approbation, than is usually bestowed on those from a similar source.

The work having been for some time out of print, a new edition is considered necessary in the Western Country, which has suffered greatly for want of the information it contains.

In this state, experiments have been made which have fully verified the profound and sagacious theories of our author, we can

therefore recommend his work with confidence to the consideration of the Legislators of Kentucky, who do not yet seem to understand its principles sufficiently. As no great labor of mind or body is required for its comprehension, we hope it may become popular with Western Legislators.

DISSERTATION, &c.

MONEY IS MONEY,  
and  
PAPER IS PAPER.  
FINIS.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

MORGAN & LODGE, of Cincinnati, propose publishing by subscription, "OHIO REPORTS," reported conformable to law, by Charles Hammond, Esq. the first part containing 250 pages, will appear in April next.

The conclusion of Las Cases' work is in press. Six volumes have been published in this country.

FIELDING LUCAS, Jr. of Baltimore, proposes to publish "A map of the section of country through which a canal to connect the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio, is proposed to pass, and of the National Road, between Cumberland and Wheeling.—By J. SHRIVER.

MITFORD's History of Greece, the most minute and accurate that has yet been written, is about to be published by T. Bedlington and Charles Ewer, Boston.

A new edition of THE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, by Thomas J. Rogers of Pennsylvania, has lately issued from the press in Philadelphia.

CUMMINGS, HILLIARD & Co. of Boston, propose to publish "THE FAMILY SHAKSPEARE," in which are omitted all the words and expressions that cannot with propriety, be read aloud in a family.—By Thomas Bowdler, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A.

The first volume of the NAVAL CHRONICLE, by C. W. Goldsborough of Washington city, is in the press at that place, and will shortly be published.

ENGLAND'S REFORMATION: a Poem, by Thomas Ward, is proposed to be published by James Costigan of New York.

A HISTORY OF BOSTON, as town and city, from the earliest period of its settlement, is in press at that place. It will consist of about 250 pages 8vo. and be embellished with a number of engravings.

The first number of the MENTAL MUSEUM, was issued on the 1<sup>st</sup> November in New York. It is published weekly in 4to.—Edited by the Boston Bard, (R. S. Coffin.)

The first number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to be edited by Dr. McHenry, "a gentleman of established literary reputation," is to make its appearance, this month in Philadelphia. The proprietors propose to pay two dollars per page for matter worthy of publication.

A new Literary Monthly Journal, is proposed to be published in Boston.

MESSRS. WAY & GIDEON, of Washington city, are publishing the JOURNAL of the first Congress, from 1774 to 1778. It will be comprised in four volumes, at five dollars per volume.

EDWARD DE KRAFFT, is publishing an edition of the same work, in four volumes, royal octavo, (corresponding with Gales & Seaton's edition of the Senate Journals,) which he offers at \$2 50 per volume.

POEMS:—Moral, Sentimental and Religious, by Selleck Osborn, have been published at Boston.—By John P. Orcutt.

WASHINGTON IRVING, has published a new novel.

PROPOSALS have been issued at Greenfield, for publishing by subscription, a "History of the Indian Wars, bordering on the Connecticut River," by E. Hoyt, Esq. The work will include an account of the discovery and settlement of New England, and continue the history of that region, down to the conquest of Canada in 1760.

CAPTAIN PARRY's Journal of his second Voyage for the Discovery of a NORTH WEST passage, was to be published in London, in the course of December, with Maps and Plates.

MR. B. ELKENDORF is about to publish in N. York a work on Female Education, in 3 vols. which will severally contain treatises on the basis of his system—on education physically considered, and on education morally considered.—

THE Legislature of Ohio, have appointed a committee of seven, to report a bill for the regulation of the practice of Medicine throughout the state. This committee has addressed a Circular to the members of the profession in all the principal towns of the state, requesting information and advice, as to the provisions of the contemplated law. It is much to be hoped that something may be done to elevate the profession of Medicine in Ohio from its present deplorable state.

#### FROM SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL.

The Society of Christian Morals at Paris, having appointed very respectable Committees on the subjects of Gaming and Lotteries, an unknown person, under the modest title of a Christian, has deposited with the society one thousand francs, to be adjudged in equal portions to the authors of the best essays or memoirs against those enormous evils.

Each memoir must consist of not less than one hundred, nor more than one hundred and twenty pages 12mo. The author is advised to take the excellent work of Lemontey on Savings Banks, or Franklin's Poor Richard, as the model of his essays.

New mode of Printing Designs.—A discovery has been made in the department of Calvados in France, by which the finest strokes of the crayon or pencil, upon por-

celain, may be infinitely multiplied. These strokes, traced with a particular metallic composition upon the polished surface of porcelain, are incrusted by the second application of fire, without the slightest injury. The parts thus delineated acquire a sort of roughness, insensible to the touch, and only to be discovered by its perfect retention of ink, which is easily wiped off the other parts of the surface. This method seems to have decided advantages over lithography.

*Portugal.*—Public instruction is very far from being as defective in this country as the superficial remarks of travellers would represent it. Within this little kingdom there are 873 elementary schools, 266 for the Latin language, 21 for Rhetoric and Greek, 27 for rational and moral philosophy, a university at Coimbra with six faculties, and a college for preparatory studies. The university and the college enumerate, annually, from 1280 to 1600 students. All these establishments were frequented, in 1819, by 31,401 pupils. These institutions are under the *direction general des études*, but there are many others devoted to special instruction. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon, publishes every year a volume of transactions.

*Contagion and Infection.*—The Royal Society of Sciences at Rouen, in France, offer a premium of 300 francs, or a gold medal of that value, to the person who shall best solve the following question:

"Is it proved by exact observation that there are fevers which can be communicated by infection, without being contagious? In admitting the existence of these fevers, what are the principal causes which give rise to their development, and to their propagation? What are the means proper to prevent them, or to arrest their progress?" The memoir is to be addressed to the perpetual secretary of the class of sciences, before the 1st of June, 1823.

*Public Instruction. Method of M. Ordinaire.*—In conformity to a special ordinance of the Rector of the Academy of Paris, the pupils of the Institution Morin, instructed upon the method of M. Ordinaire, were examined with the most scrupulous attention on the 28th day of September last. The results even far surpassed the expectations that a knowledge of the theory had excited. It appears to be proved that, by the employment of this method, a child may acquire in fifteen months all the positive knowledge usually required of a pupil of the fifth year. It is to be remarked that this method changes neither the customary denominations, nor the class-book actually in use, and that it does not oppose the progress of the course of instruction generally established.

*Improvement in Metallic Casting.*—Iron and metallic castings are said to be very

much improved, by subjecting the metal, when in moulds, to pressure. This is done by making a part of the mould of such a form as to receive a piston, which, on the metal being introduced, is made to press on it with any required force. It is stated that castings obtained in this way are not only free from the imperfections generally incurred in the usual mode, but have a peculiar soundness of surface and closeness of texture, qualities of the utmost importance in ordinance, rolling cylinders, &c. The improvement belongs to Mr. Hollingrake, who has obtained a patent for it.

*Canal Navigation.*—The tread-wheel has been applied by M. Van Heythuysen, to the propelling of barges of canals. The object is to obviate the use of horses. The apparatus is made light and separable from the barge, and it is found that two men can propel a barge by it, at the rate of five miles per hour. The saving of the expense of horses and track roads promises to make this application of human power very valuable.

#### FROM THE (N. Y.) MINERVA.

Mr. Christopher Hoxie, of Hudson, has lately invented a machine, which he supposes can be advantageously applied to the propelling of ships and vessels, without the aid of wind or steam. The power necessary, is said to be acquired by the rolling of the ship, and the force given by a pendulum of enormous weight, according to the tonnage of the vessel.

Dr. Hayden of Baltimore, is stated to have discovered an important improvement in the art of converting hides into leather, by means of a pyroligneous preparation. By this method, it is said, raw hides of any description, after the usual process of hairing and baiting, are converted into leather in less than thirty-six hours.

Mr. J. P. Fairlamb, of Wilmington, (Del.) has lately invented an improvement in canal locks, which in the opinion of scientific men, is considered an important discovery.

A committee of merchants in this city, (N. Y.) has offered a premium of \$100, for the best design for two vases of silver, to be presented to the Hon. DEWITT CLINTON, as a mark of gratitude for the services he has rendered to the state of New York, in relation to internal improvements.

Dr. Troost, of Philadelphia, has discovered two varieties of the mineral, called *Yenite*, in specimens brought lately from Rhode Island. This substance was heretofore found only in the celebrated iron mines in the Island of Corseia.

#### SUMMARY.

THE Greeks have suffered a very severe loss in the death of Marco Botzari, one of

their most distinguished Patriots, styled the Achilles of their cause, and their successes do not seem so regular and uninterrupted as formerly. There is however little doubt of their eventual triumph. Great exertions are making to aid their cause, in most parts of the U. S. and very liberal contributions have been made in our large towns.

THE ex-emperor Iturbide was, at the last advices at Pisa. He will fix his residence at Rome.

The report is repeated that *La Fayette* who is now in France, intends visiting the United States.

In October, Bishop Fenwick of this place, was at Rome, soliciting donations for his Church.

The last efforts of the Spaniards for the recovery of their liberties, terminated with the surrender of Mina. The barbarous execution of Riego and the varied oppressions which are drawing such vast numbers of the constitutionalists from their native country, exhibit such baseness of character and such ignorance of true policy in Ferdinand and his advisers as must eventually overwhelm them in the general ruin of their country.

The British government which has beheld the events in Spain and Greece with an apathy unprecedented,—it is thought will be roused by an attempt on the part of the Holy Alliance to re-conquer the Spanish Colonies. This would affect their commerce, the only way in which their feelings can be awakened.

The subject of a canal around the falls of Ohio, has excited a general interest in this and the adjoining states, and there is little doubt of the speedy adoption of measures to carry it into effect. The preference is now universally given to the Kentucky side of the river.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED.—Lately, at Litchfield, Connecticut, the Hon. TAPPING REEVE, late chief justice of that state, aged 79 years.

The character of Judge Reeve, as a profound jurist—as a man of learning and talents, whose life was equally honourable and serviceable to his country, is well known. But those who knew him best, loved him most for virtues that are independent of learning, and superior to talents. They feel a virtuous pride in claiming the kindred of a common nature, with a man in whom that nature appeared in a light thus amiable and respectable; and they will cherish his memory, as an incentive to a life of usefulness and piety—a life affording peace in old age and serenity in death. Z.

Should any of our subscribers be neglected by the carrier, they are requested to notify the publisher, and to leave their address with him.

## POETRY.

The following pieces which we believe have never yet appeared in print, are among the earliest productions of a poet of our country, who has been best known by his first signature of Croaker, and who has since, given as decided proofs of true poetic inspiration, as any bard of modern times.

## MEMORY.

Strong as that power, whose strange control,  
Impels the torrents force:  
Directs the needle to the pole,  
And bids the waves of Ocean roll,  
In their appointed course;  
So powerful are the ties that bind  
The scenes of childhood to the mind,  
So firmly to the heart adheres,  
The Memory of departed years.

Whence is this passion in the breast?  
That when the past we view;  
And think on pleasures once possess'd,  
In fancy's fairy colors dress'd,  
Those pleasures we renew?  
And why do Memory's pains impart  
A *pleasing sadness* to the heart?  
What potent charm to all endears  
The days of our departed years?

True many a rose-bud blooming gay!  
Life's opening path adorns,  
But all, who tread that path, will say,  
That 'mid the flowers which strew the way,  
Are care's corroding thorns;  
Yet still the bosom will retain,  
Affection ev'n for hours of pain!  
And we can smile—tho' bathed in tears,  
At Memory of departed years!

'Tis distance, our bewildered gaze  
On former scenes, beguiles;  
And Memory's charm the eye betrays,  
For while enjoyments it displays,  
And robes the past in smiles;  
Its flattering mirror proves untrue,  
Conceals the sorrows from our view;  
And hides the griefs, the doubts, and fears,  
That darkened our departed years.

Time—when our own, we oft despise,  
When gone, its loss deplore;  
Nor till the fleeting moment flies,  
Do mortals learn its worth to prize,  
When it returns no more;  
For this, an anxious look we cast,  
With fond regret, on hours long past,  
For this—the feeling heart reveres  
The Memory of departed years!  
October, 1810.

## TO GOOD HUMOUR.

Maid of the sweet, engaging smile!  
Companion of our hours of peace!  
Whose soothing arts can care beguile,  
And bid discordant passions cease.  
Virtue, in thee, her favorite bairns,  
And dwells where'er thy sway prevails,  
Life's fairest charms to thee we owe,  
The source of pure delight, the healing balm of woe!

Can rapture thrill congenial hearts,  
Entwined by friendship's wreath divine?

If aught of bliss its bond imparts,  
The praise enchanting maid, be thine!  
Can we a soft, attractive grace,  
In the mild beam of beauty trace?  
'Tis only, when with thee combin'd,  
Her powers can justly claim the homage of the  
mind!

When the first pair, in Eden's bower,  
Enjoyed the favoring smile of Heaven;  
Thy influence brighten'd every flow'r,  
And bleas'd the balmy breeze of even.  
And since—in love's connubial ties,  
We best can learn thy sweets to prize;  
'Tis in affection's fond domain,  
Where still unruffled joys denote thy golden reign.

Deprived of thee, does earth possess  
One charm to bind us here below?  
In vain may pomp and power caress,  
Or wealth its glittering gifts bestow!  
Lost is their worth, when thou art fled,  
Then discord lifts her sceptre dread!  
And pallid envy, care, and strife,  
Unite their dark'ning clouds, to veil the noon of  
life.

But when thy welcome steps appear,  
This dreaded train of evils fly;  
Gay cheerfulness is ever near,  
And calm content, with placid eye.  
And all that to the soul endears  
This dreary wildness of years:  
All that our happiest hours employ,  
When beats the willing heart to transport & to joy  
Where'er I tread this varied scene,  
Good Humour! on my path attend;  
Alike when pleasure smiles serene,  
Or pain and grief, my bosom rend.  
Do thou infuse thy sovereign power,  
In youth's gay morn, in manhood's hour,  
And when, in age, life's parting ray  
But faintly lingers low, ere yet it fades away.

## SELECTED.

[The following exquisitely tender and beautiful lines, are from the pen of Mr. GIFFORD, the well known editor of the Quarterly Review:—and, like the interesting auto-biography prefixed to his JUVENAL, are calculated to gain him more friends, than all his political tirades, and anathemas, together. Even Leigh Hunt, who has occasionally come under his critical lash, and cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality,—allows these stanzas to be both 'pleasing and pathetic';—alleging, however, by way of a *savvo*, that they constitute 'the only approach which the author ever made to the poetical character.'

The verses are preceded (in the Maeviad from whence they are taken,) by an address 'To a tuft of early violets';—which tho' not of equal merit, contain some lines scarcely less sweet and touching:—and for which we may endeavor to make room hereafter.]

I wish I was where ANNA lies;  
For I am sick of lingering here,

And every hour Affection cries,  
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could!—For when she died  
I lost my all; and life has prov'd  
Since that sad hour a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
Shall duly to her grave repair,  
And pluck the ragged moss away,  
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring  
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,  
And violets that unheeded spring,  
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell  
Upon her name forever dear,  
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,  
Should visit still, should still deplore—  
But health and strength have left me now,  
And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain,  
The last I offer at thy shrine;  
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
Thy voice that might with music vie,  
Thy air, that every gazer took,  
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,  
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,  
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,  
Thy gay good humour—Can they "fade?"

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:  
Cold turf, which I no more must view,  
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,  
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love's no irregular desire,  
No sudden start of raging pain,  
Which, in a moment, grows a fire,  
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonnetteor,  
Who sings of darts, despair and pains,  
And by whose dismal verse tis clear,  
He wants not wit alone, but brains.

Nor is it centered in a beau,  
Who sighs by rule, in order dies,  
Whose worth consists in outward show,  
And want of sense by dress supplies.

No! Love is something so divine,  
Description would but make it less,  
'Tis what I know, but can't define,  
'Tis what I feel but can't express.

Published on Saturdays by JOHN P. FOOTE,  
at the Book-Store, No. 14, Lower Market Street  
at THREE DOLLARS per annum *in advance*.

J. N. Deming, Printer.